my duty; for the rest I was not responsible. I had consulted my watch, and found that the murder had been committed near the hour of 8. I reached the hotel when the half hour had passed by some five minutes.

Ascending the flight of steps, I saw a figure pacing up and down the verauda on

the side opposite to the direction in which I had come, the figure of a woman in a long cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head. She made a little rush toward me when I appeared, and then uttered an exclamation of disappointment. It was Bertha Glays, the daughter of my eccentric patient, and she was evidently expecting a younger man than myself. Happy Otto Morton! Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!

I greeted her with my usual amiability, and then, as the fatherly doctor, suggested that the night air was too chill and damp

for her lungs.
"I am waiting for the return of my mother," she said, half defiantly, half

"Has your mother gone out in a night like this?" I asked in great surprise, for my patient had the greatest fear of the open air, and remained in her room with closed

windows for days together.
"Mamma has been unusually nervous and
excited all day. She's unbearable," added the lair Bertha, under her breath, and as if talking to herself.

"Did she venture out alone?" "She refused my company, and she ob-jected to the companionship of her maid. Perhaps she has returned through the door

on the other side." "One moment, if you please. Can you tell me where your mother has gone?"
"If you knew her better, you would not ask the daughter for confidences of the mother. A stranger knows more than I. she said bitterly, with a frown on her hand-

"One question further, if you please. Can you tell me where to find Mr. Otto Morton? I wish to see him on important business."

nome face.

'I have not seen him for the entire evening," she answered, in a voice tremulous with suppressed tears. "I wish I were

With this queer desire on her lips, the handsome young woman turned from me and entered the hotel.

I was a trifle disappointed, for I had depended on Mr. Morton to aid me. But time was of importance, and so, when a certain Mr. Bantle fortunately appeared, I seized upon him and told him of mv discovery. It was too dark to see, but I am convinced that the color faded even from his wine-stained nose in his horror. He grasped my arm to save himself from falling, gasped two or three times, then said, in a voice that he tried to make strong: "It's horrible!"

"It is human nature, my friend. When we do not eat, we are eaten!"
"Let us go! Let us go," he said, nervously, "immediately, to hunt the villain down and twist his neck."
"Soitly, my friend. The murdered woman

needs our first care. We must have help to bring her in. Summon some of your friends, the most discreet, and hurry up." He re-tired, and, after an irritating absence, returned, with his breath smelling strongly of whisky and cheese, and with the information that he had notified a couple of his friends, and that they would appear in a minute. This was rushing in the midst of humanity with a vengeance, for in a moment, in place of two men, all the available male guests of the hotel were on the veranda, and ready to serve under my orders. Was I to play the part of detective at my sage? It would have been laughable had it not been annoying. The fools! They were only animated by gaping curiosity and had not a sensible idea among them. To get rid of the superabundance of society, and with no hope of anything coming of it, I requested two of the numbskulls to go in e direction of the deserted house by the pond; to take lanterns with them, if possiole, or torches, and to look out for a man or a woman, alive or dead. They were to look in the old fungus eaten building, and to do anything that would keep them out of my way. If they discovered anything they were to call on me at my house on their return. Two other idiots I sent in another direction, so that they might intercept the criminal in case he or she, alarmed by the light, took to the woods. I selected Bantle and another man to accompany me, and having unceremoniously lifted a shutter from its hinges before one of the hotel windows to rest the body on, we set out on our melaucholy mis-

Shall I confess that I was human enough, or base enough, to feel a hunter's instinct? To kill something! Take these away from the incentives of human pleasures or luxuries? As a philosopher I was humiliated, but as a man I could not conquer the hunter's instinct, and I was exhibitrated by the humiliating thought that I was initia ting a hunt that would bring a human being to the gallows. A murderer who deserved his or her fate, Good! But justice has no feeling, and I was animated by the craving possion of our cave-haunting ances-tors. Bah! Why not suck uncooked marrow from bones and complete the similarity to barbarism? A philosopher, too! May the gentle reader pardon me from the height of

his higher moral nature. I walked briskly onward, paying but little attention to the words of the excited Bantle, who exhaled sighs and the perfume of whisky in the same breath. At intervals he kept on groaning and muttering: knew it! Oh, the wretch. Twist their necks, twist their necks?"

Suddenly he grasped my arm and pointed to space with a tremulous hand. 'Look vonder, doctor.' I looked in the indicated direction, and

saw nothing but the wind-dashed water. "What are you pointing at?"

"I saw a figure on the wharf. A tall figure in a long overcoat or capel" I strained my eyes, but could still see othing. The earth mist had now vanished and a cold moon was shining in a cold heaven, flooding water and land with its cold Save where the square structure, the shed for baggage on the outer edge of the wharf, cast a black shadow, every post, handrail and beam was distinctly visi-

"I have good vision, my friend, but I see "My life on it, I sawa human being leaning on the rails, and looking down into the water, it vanished in the shadow." "But my friend," I retorted, "the gates

are locked, and the wharfinger sleeps in a little house under the shed. Your excited imagination betrays you, or perhaps it was the wharfinger himself.

"Perhaps," he muttered, "the wharfinger or his wife!" You are excited, my Herr Bantle, let us talk ourselves back to the region of common sense. Tell me, have you seen Otto Morton

this evening? "This evening, no; this afternoon, yes." "The fair Bertha seemed disappointed. She was evidently waiting for him on the veranda. Do vou know where he is?"

'Maybe gone to punch Durand's head." "But they are friends," "I hope they may be, but I wouldn't like to stand between them when they meet,"
"You think Durand is still in love with

the charming Bertha?" "He loves so easily and so many at a time that it is very possible. But quick; look now, straight before you, and tell me what

"A test of my eyesight? Good. I see, then, a cypress tree; I see a hill crowned with golden rod and a hollow shadowy with tall vegetable tife, and, as I know, with mushrooms, which, in my ignorance, I can not class with either animals or vegetables.

Good, edible mushrooms, too, as my stomach and palate can answer for." "Didn't you see something creeping near the cypress tree? A man or woman? Look now," he exclaimed, in the wildest excite-ment. "On the road yonder, running in the lirection of the railroad station.

has vanished in the long grass behind the My friend was right this time; there was a human figure; the blackest of silbouettes

against the clear blue sky, as it speeded lightly along the dusty road and vanished "It is unfortunate, my friend, that we can-

not be ubiquitous. We must complete one

ness, and I was not sorry that the wind had moderated some of its force. But the air had grown very cold, and I ventured the predic-tion that we should have frost be ore the

"And the poor creature is lying out un-protected!" groaned the emotional Bantle.
"Hurry un, doctor, the thought is a nightmare!"
"It does not feel pain, my friend; the journey has been ended; pain is only with the living."
"And perhaps those that live are waiting

for it. What is that hideous sound?" he asked in a trambling voice.

"An owl!"
It sounded dismally enough through the night; dismally, weirdly, and with blood, chilling suddenness. For a moment it sent even my heart bounding to my throat.
"The distance seems thousands of miles,

"Yonder are the blackberry bushes, and it is lying on the other side in the high grass, staring sightless at the moon, my friend!" doctor. Are we nearly there?" We approached the spot, and, to my sur-

prise and horror, the body had disappeared! "Where is it, doctor?" In his engerness, Bantle, in answer to my pointing finger, had knelt down. He jumped up almost immediately with a shrill ery of disgust and terror. His right hand and right trousers knee were stained with

clotted blood. He stared at his hand, the moonlight adding a ghastly hue to the ghastly stain, with every vestige of color faded from his face, which was hideously pallid from forehead

to chin, as if viewed in a sodium flame.
"Where is it?" he gasped, turning away
his head from his extended hand.
"It has been carried off by the criminal or riminals. They have had abundance of time to do that. See, the grass is bent down and crushed here. They have probably dragged the body through it. Look, it runs downward toward the wharf. The tide is high and the waves are angry; hear them tearing at the land. A body tossed in there will be carried seaward by the morning."

"Describe the body to me!" he said ab-

ruptly, as one out of his wits.
"Let us walk toward the wharf, while I am gratifying your curiosity, and keep all your senses alert to discover some evidence

of the crime.' "It is not curiosity, and I don't know what it is!" Despite the solemnity of the occasion, his foolishness amused me; it was another demonstration of my thesis that in human nature extremes not only touch but overlap. Shakespeare makes his fools speak wisdom; had he made his wise men speak like fools, he would have anticipated civilization by over two centuries. You think I am severe on myself? Try your teeth on the kernel before you judge this fruit of philosophical judgment!

I described the traits of the murdered woman, and Bantle listened with bated breath. Without egotism, I may be allowed to say that when it pleases me, I possess the gift of eloquence, and I covertly smiled at the effect of my words. When I ceased speaking Bantle still remained under the spell of the picture I had presented to his mental

vision! "The victim was handsome," I said, breaking a short silence.
"You describe well!" he answered, nervously mopping his face with his handkerchief. "But see, we have reached the wharf. The night is cheerless enough from this exposed point."

spray from the angry ocean was dashed up into our faces, and the wind, which had diminished inland, blew here with the wild surious shricking of an angry demon. The tide was going out; but it had been unusually high, and even now at every ocean-pulse it came up through the

and her lite blood is still on your hand!" He shivered, stooped down and dabbled his hand on the wet whart, then rubbed it vigorously with his handkerchief "Take care of your hat, and let us walk to

the end of the wharf, from which the body was thrown, if it was thrown anywhere." We cantiously continued our journey in the face of a terrible wind that seemed to tear about from all points of the compass at the same time. Now we seemed to be pushed back by a strong hand; now urged onward in spite of resistance; now hissed at from one side, now howled at from the other, with the salt spray in our eyes and on our lips. Near the upper end of the wharf is the fenced in, rooled square reserved for baggage. The huge gate facing us was barred and locked; in its present condition it could not be entered. Beside it, and to the right, was a narrow path leading onward to the end of the wharf. To the left there was no passage way, the baggage house encroaching to the end of the wharf in that direction, the only open space being

filled head high with coal dust. We took then the passageway to the right, and while in shelter of the structure described we enjoyed a brief cessation from the attacks of the elements, but once out on the head of the wharf the battle began with renewed vigor and with danger threatening us at every step. We kept close to the upper side of the structure, clinging to the bars of the gate, which was locked and barred like its companion on the side oppo-site. I never before had so excellent and practical an illustration of the insignificance of the little atom called man as on this occasion. And let me say that I have been in battles, have climbed mountains and been on the ocean in storms, but I never before felt my insignificance. It was humiliating and exhibarating at the same time; thrice was on the point of losing my spectacles. and when Bantle attempted to blow his frozen nose the handkerchief was whirled out of his hand, and was hurled a meteor through space. The spray on my glasses practically unfitted me to play the part of keen-sighted eagle; so I held resolutely to the gate and allowed Bantle to creep about in search of evidence. And he was in luck, oo. On one of the projecting nails of the wharf flooring, to the right, a few feet from one of the huge beams that rose on every side he found the fragments of a shoe, a kid shoe belonging to a woman, and, on my theory, torn from the foot of the dead woman as she was dragged, shoulders first, along the wharf. The entire back part of the shoe was torn away, and the silk ribbon lacing was fractured. The head or the nail had entered between the heel and sole, and thus held it secure against wind and wave. Stimulated by this strange find, we continued our explorations, but no further dis-covery rewarded us. We willingly retired

ing and icy blood. "It was a bold thing to do, doctor, to drag a dead body to the head of the pier with the wharfinger sleeping a few seet away." "A daring thing to think of, my friend, but an easy and safe thing to do on a night

like this. We have been out to the end of the wharf; were we seen? I might have murdered you, or you me, and still we would not have been seen. And then it still remains to be seen if the wharfinger was at home. We must make haste slowly. We are only doing our duty; if our theory is wrong, we are prepared to accept a better one. Let us now warm up our blood by

trotting in the direction to which we saw the figure mysteriously disappear."

Bantle was pretty well used up, both mentally and physically, but he was bravely obedient, and we were soon trotting through the tall grass, and serving as food for a host of voracious mosquitoes. We saw nothing of a suspicious nature; but near the hotel we met the two idiots whom I had sent in the direction of the deserted house by the pond. They told a queer story. They had improvised torches and had boldly entered the deserted house, when the torches were stricken from their hands by

somebody suddenly leaping at them from the darkness. Before they had mustered their surprise this mysterious somebody had brushed by them and vanished into space. Neither of the idiots could tell whether the somebody was a man or woman, and they made no attempt to follow in the wake of the flying figure. In their fine window that decided it was all. their fine wisdom they decided it was only a tramp, and so they picked up their torches and according to their own accounts, investigated every inch of ground in the house. The only item of value they had discovered was an ear-ring—a valuable solitaire diamond whose glitter had drawn their attention to it as it lay on the dusty, mouldy floor. This was a revelation and a puzzle to me; for the muddered woman was plain me; for the murdered woman wore plain gold ear-rings which were in her ears when I discovered the body. I was convinced that she had never possessed such a treasure. Her attire and general appearance suggested that her means and station did not allow

her to indulge in the luxury of large, rare, "Keep this ear-ring care'ully," I said to the discoverer, "and surrender it only to the detective whom I shall summon here early in the morning. In the meantime we may all rest with the consciousness that we have exerted our best endeavors in the cause of justice and morality. I have no doubt that the murderer, will be discovered and punished, and so I will not detain you iron

your well-merited respose."

They bade me a very cordial farewell and retired. Bantle grasping me by the hand with much effusion, and complimenting me on my firmness. His weak mind had recog-nized my strong intellect, he felt my superi-ority, the superiority of brains and world experience, and he was dog-like in his admiration. Poor humanity; always blundering, always seeking for a leader, pitiful even in its sinfulness, what else did it deserve than my sad toleration? What is man beside nature, nature the grand, the beroic, the undecipherable, the majestic! Nations age and wither. Nature is ever young. Is it, then, wonderful that I, the wise man, greet her, love her? I was glad to be alone once more, and I walked on slowly, glancing noward at the sky. A haze was slowly spreading over it, thick toward the east, a mere film westward. Everywhere a suggestion of winter, and summer hardly dead. The tide had gone out considerably, and I was irresistibly attracted toward the shore. I stood on a rock that an hour before had been covered with water, and glanced along the curving line of wrack toward the wharf. I expected to see nothing, and I saw nothing; but I stood and stared musing over the mystery that had startled me from my philosophic repose. My imagination was stimulated and in every foam-flecked wave I seemed to see the outline of the poor woman who wat at rest forever. I became sad as usual in facing the immensity of waters, the poetry in my nature was aroused and I was also hungry. A curious combination! Animal and soul united; a heaven clearing spirit and an earth bound body; Hegel and sansages! Such is

[To be continued next Sunday.]

Copyright 1890. HIGH GRADE OF ACTING.

Americans and Germans Dramatically Com

W. D. Howells in Harper's Hagagine for June.] We wish once more to bear our testimony to the very high grade of acting in our theaters. We have not only a wonderfully equipped dramatic criticism ready to exact classic excellence from the nascent American drama, but a school of actchinks in the wharf flooring. We stood for a moment on the shore edge of the wharf, inspirations. We cannot, indeed, truly say staring seaward.

"It is a long distance to drag a dead body, doctor," said Bantle, evidently with less intention of starting a conversation than with the desire to break a silence that oppressed him.

"I am not a detective, my friend, and I have no theory to defend. The one thing I have no theory to defend. The one thing I any other modern play except, perhaps, and that the average that the average of the control of the c am certain of is that a young woman was murdered, and that the body has disappeared. If it has not been thrown in the water, it will be found."

"Is it not probable that she was alive, and be count away?"

It is more truth into it than has been put into any other modern play except, perhaps, "La Morte Civile." It is simply the story of a young man whom a patronizing benevolence has educated above the station of his family, but who comes loyally back to his family, but who comes loyally back to his family, but who comes and sisters from the has crept away?"

"With a dagger thrust in her heart?

Miracles may have happened, but never a miracle like that. The girl was stone dead, workman, the younger mistress to the son of his patron. He appeals to her and the pa-rents against the wicked life that none of them have been ashamed of and they have promised to go back with him to India, when the patron comes in and makes good

the wrong his son has done with a handsome check. They are of the poor who can be bought, he of the rich who think money can pay anything. The son is defeated, and fairly driven from his home by his kindred, wh fawn upon the patron, and turn from cursing to flattering the guilty girl who has brought them so much money with her dishonor. It is a horrible scene, but as you witness it you realize the horrible truth back of it, that poverty when it is dire must sell itself. and that wealth when it is corrupted with the sense of its power can feel no harm in buying. The piece arraigns existing society not in set terms, but tacitly, by inexorable truth to its facts. It is weakened by a deus ex machina who appears from time to time and at last carries the young man back to India with the patron's daughter for his bride; but even this folly cannot obscure its awful lesson, or silence its appeal to the so-

THE REMEDY FOR SLAVERY. A Solemu Combination Against Gunpowder In Africa Needed.

Stanley in Scribner.] There is only one remedy for these wholesale devastations of African aborigines, and that is the solemn combination of England, Germany, France, Portugal, South and East Africa, and Congo State against the introduction of gunpowder into any part of the continent except for the use of their own agents, soldiers, and employes; or seizing upon every tusk of ivory brought out, as there is not a single piece nowadays which has been gained lawfully. Every tusk, piece, and scrap in possession of an Arab trader has been steeped and dyed in blood. Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman or child; for every five pounds a hu has been burned; for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed; every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district, with all its people, villages and plantations.

It is simply incredible that because ivory is required for ornaments or billiard games, the rich heart of Africa should be laid waste at this late year of the nineteenth century, signalized as it has been by so much advance; that populations, tribes and nations should be utterly destroyed.

AMUSING THE CHILDREN.

Simple and Successful Plan of a Travellus Mother.

A lady starting on a long journey with two children, placed in her satchel some pieces of cardboard, scissors and lead pen cils. After the novelty of car riding had worn off, this wise woman produced her treasures. One child cut the cardboard into pieces three-quarters of an inch square, the other printed on each square a letter. The siphabet was repeated many times. Then each formed words from the letters and gave to the other to make out. In this

way they amused themselves for hours.

The mother might have taken the game from home with less trouble to herself, bu well she knew there would be more satisfac well she knew there would be more satisfac-tion in making it for themselves. Paper dolls were cut and extensive wardrobes fashioned from bright-colored paper that had been thoughtfully provided. At the end of the journey the passengers declared the children wonderfully well behaved, and wished they might always travel with such heavy little results. The feet was the chilhappy little people. The fact was the chil-dren were ordinary children, but their hours had been so pleasantly occupied there had been no opportunity for becoming weary and then disagreeable. ON LINES OF BEAUTY. Entrances to Piftsburg Business Blocks an Index to Progress.

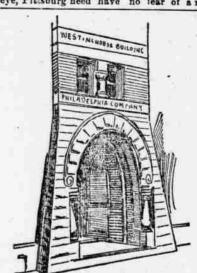
SOME OF THE FAVORITE EFFECTS. The Arch Will Always be Proper for Massive Stone Buildings.

DOORWAYS FAMILIAR TO EVERYONE

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH, 1 Pittsburg is just bursting out into the full bloom of architectural beauty. The budding season began with the new Court House, and in every building that has gone



New Bank of Commerce. up since its crection, great attention to the lines of beauty is apparent. Business men have discovered that it costs little more to erect a handsome than an ugly building, and now that it is the fashion to please the eye, Pittsburg need have no tear of a re-



Philadelphia Company's Building.

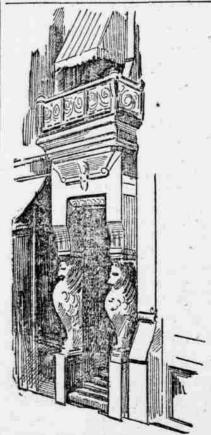
lapse to the old order of things when utility was the only consideration in building. Have you ever noticed that the distinctive eature of the modern business building is its entrance or portal? The reason is that commercial buildings nowadays pierce the sky, and architects realize that detailed ornamentation above the second story is almost useless, for above that only the gen-



The Hussey Building

The first and second stories are carefully worked out, and, as the doorway is the most important of all, it is the point upon which the best energies of the architect are conentrated. And Pittsburg can boast some strikingly handsome results.

In massive stone buildings, the arch will always hold its own, because of its strength and graceful lines. Perhaps the finest speci



The Lewis Block. sircular, will be that of the new Bank of

Commerce when completed. The carefully designed arrangement of the short pillars, which break the horizontal lines decoration, will give harmony and balance to the whole and relieve the squatty appear-ance so painfully noticeable in many other buildings, the Court House for example. A beautiful scroll runs parallel with the curve of the arch, and delicately carved bas reliefs fill the spandrels.

The Philadelphia Company building pre-

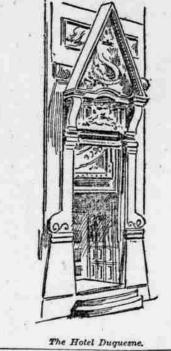
sents another example of the semioircular arch. While probably larger than the one first described, it is not as elaborate, but credit is due the architect for the judicious commingling of marble, granite, freestone and brick.
Although the semi-oval arch is a modern

"fad," yet very pleasing effects have been produced in some instances where it has been used. A simple, but none the less very entrance of the Farmer's Deposit National Bank. More elaborate is the ornamentation

of the first floor of the Hussey building. It is a pity that the lower, polished part of the granite columns is not in keeping with the elegant design of the upper third. The transverse bands have too much the appearance of barrel boone. ance of barrel hoops.

The use of Caryatides, Atlantes, griffins

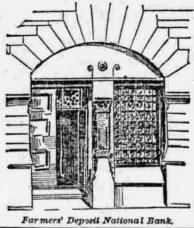
or lions as supports has been obs



long that the effect of the lions supporting the architrave of the entrance to the Lewis building has almost the charm of origi-

nality. More designs of this character would break the monotony produced by the ubiquitous arch and columns.

Where scarcity of ground limits the extent of relief which the architect may give to a portal, it becomes necessary to employ other means than simple lines to produce good results. Sgraffito work has fallen into in



nocuous desuetude, though it might well be revived in connection with the oblong arch, and terra cotta reliefs and stained glass are successfully used in its stead. The Hotel Duquesne presents a good example; the carvings are well designed, and the general arrangement bespeaks a fine feeling for subtle harmonies on the part of the archi-

Dozens more of interesting portals could be cited, but enough have been given to show the trend of Pittsburg architecture. There can be no step backward; the Gas City is bound to be a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

M. LIPMAN.

BEAUTY OF AMERICAN GIRLS. They Form a Lofty, Gay, Intrepld and Dashing Army. The Illustrated American.]

settled upon the salient points which go to make up the beauty of an American girl. A general delicacy of outline as well as coloring are demanded. A woman with very large eyes and no other charms is never rated as a beauty here. When a woman is said to be beauti ul in America it means that she has a face molded in delicate lines, features that are thoroughly harmonious, a figure which is neither pronouncedly athletic nor too plump, and small hands and feet. In England if a woman is 6 feet 2, and broad across the shoulders, she is invariably spoken of in the society papers as beauti-ful, though her feet may out-class the ironclad and her knuckles stretch wildly abroad. In Italy and Spain a pair of big, expressive eyes are enough, but in America a thoroughly balanced series of attractions must be shown to win the title. American girls form a lofty, gay, intrepid, and dash-ing army, whose audacity should be feminine. They have all of the athletic look of the English woman, without the ill-fitting gloves and ponderous boots. The assumption of semi-masculine attire robs of their greatest charm. Womanliness is still the most attractive quality o

JEFFERSON IN AUSTRALIA.

The Great Actor's Reminiscences of the Southern Island.

From "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson," in the June Century: "As I look back upon the four years I passed in Australia I can only recall a dear remembrance of the kindness that was shown to me by the refined and hospitable people of that country. For a long time after I left there I contemplated paying it another visit, but year after year rolled on, and now I fear it is too late. To wander through the streets that I so well remember and find them altered would be nothing; we are too used to these changes in our own country to be affected by the wonderful growth of cities and the sudden shirt-ing of localities; but I should feel lonely ineed to miss the faces that were so tamiliar, and to think over the olden time when I was young and full of hope—surrounded by loving companions who had gathered around me when I was a stranger among them. It is nearly a quarter of a century since I left that distant land and those dear riends, but I have never forgotten them, and I am told that there are many who still remember me. And now farewell. Australia! I have no feeling but loving gratitude for you, and should these pages meet the eye of some old friend, let us feel that we have come once more together upon this earth and shaken hands."

WHAT CLOTHES TELL.

How Star Route Brady Sized Up His Friend General George Sheridan. Frank G. Carpenter's Washington Letter. 1 A new suit of clothes is a passport to

nearly everything in Washington, and this fact makes me think of General George Sheridan, whom I saw strutting about the hotels yesterday under a sombrero as big around as a dish pan. Sheridan was a great friend of Brady, the noted star route man, and while Brady was at the height of his power here Sheridan trequently called upon him for a little loan. One day one of Brady's clerks came in and told him that Sheridan was in town. "How is he dressed?"

asked Brady.
"He looks as though he came out of a bandbox was the reply. He has on a new ailk hat, new suit, patent leather boots and he is taking in the town in a landau."
"He wants some money," said Brady "and I'll bet you 55 that he will be here within two hours to borrow any way from \$500 and up-wards. He never dresses up except when he wants to make a loan and then he puts on all the style he can buy." He had on all the style he can buy." He had hardly finished this remark before Sheridan came in and he departed soon after with

Other European Powers.

OPINIONS OF MINISTER PALMER. As Much Freedom for the Individual as in

the United States.

POINTS OF INTEREST TO TOURISTS (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE,) In some respects Spain is the most secure of any of the European countries. Her only danger lies in the direction of internal dissensions, and, thanks to a wise and conserv-

ative administration, the likelihood of a rev-

olution within her limits has been reduced

to a minimum. France on the north is inter-

a quarrel with her next door neighbor, while England will defend her sea coast. After spending a little more than a year in Spain in the capacity of American Minister, with the best opportunities and facilities for observation, I can safely venture the prediction that no other country in Europe has a better prospect for a long continuance of peace and prosperity. The war cloud which appears periodically in Europe, and is viewed with apprehension by the leading Powers, such as France, Germany, Russia, Austria and Italy, has no terrors for the Spanish people. Spain is practically outside of the war circle. She has the smallest standing army of any prominent European government—about 100,000 men—and con-sequently her people do not have to carry an enormous burden imposed upon the ma-jority of the European States in the shape of

BIG STANDING ARMIES.

The gigantic standing armies of Germany France, Austria and Italy must be rapidly impoverishing the people that are taxed to maintain them. If these tremendous stand ing armies are continued for a few years the chances are that there will be no European war, for none of the nations will be in a financial condition to commence hostilities. Peace secured in that way, however, would be almost as distressing as war. The dis-armament should come before the nations are made bankrupt.

No other foreign country, except possibly Italy, is so interesting from an historical and romantic point of view than Spain. There is more there to arrest attention and call forth the admiration of cultivated Americans. The questions are frequently asked, Has Spain entered upon a stage of permanent decay? Will she ever in the future regain even approximately the prominence and importance she has held in the past? An importance sne has held in the past? An important answer to both questions would be, "No!" There was a time under Charles V. when Spain dominated all Europe as well as the civilized world. There is no danger of history repeating itself in that respect, but the Spain of the future may nevertheless be great. I do not believe she has gone to sleep.

FORGING TO THE FRONT.

Within recent years she has had a new awakening. Manufactories have sprung up, although at present all the good things, especially the railroads, are largely in the hands of foreigners. The Spanish people are not lazy and indifferent as a class. Their business men stand very high in the commercial world. They are known to keep their word and live up to their agreements. Spain is gradually forging to the front again and there is no reason why she should not take her place among nations of the first

rank. The Illustrated American.]

The beauty of American girls is a much discussed question. It is said they have no distinctive points, but it seems to me that any one who has traveled must easily have

A great many Americans have asked me about the prospect of a revolution in Spain and the establishment of a republic. There seems to be a very general impression in some quarters that Spain is ripe for a republic and that the recent revolution in Brazil would help it along. So far as I could observe the dethronement of Dom Pedro and the formation of a republic in Brazil did not produce more than a ripple in Spain. The stability of the Government was never in jeopardy for a moment, so far as I could judge. Neither do I think there is any danger of a change in the present form of the Spanish Government. No one can spend any time there without being im-pressed with the fact that the Queen Regent is extremely popular with her people. They almost idolize her, and she has certainly displayed great wisdom and tact in manag-ing the ship of state. She is a very supe rior woman. There is substantially as much freedom in Spain to-day as in the United States. The Spanish Government has recognized and copied one of the secret of our success-that is, permitting the

greatest freedom of speech.

FREE SPEECH A SAFETY VALVE. There is little more restraint on public or private orators in Spain than with us. Every one is licensed to speak his mind freely and criticise as he sees fit. It is the greatest of safety valves. Our own country would not live a month without it. The agi-tator and would-be revolutionist who is allowed to give free play to his mouth is largely deprived of his power to do harm. His talk passes into vapor and he is soon forgotten, but when these sentiments are kept bottled up for any length of time they are apt to explode suddenly and do much damage. If the same wise, conservative and beneficent policy of the present administration of Spain be continued in the future, there is not likely to be any change in their system of government for an indefinite

To change the subject a bit, I think I have discovered the solution of the phrase 'Castles in Spain." In going through the defiles of the Pyrenees Mountains one sees in the distance what appears to be a castle, with the high wall, tower, abutment and everything pertaining to a castle. You would be willing to swear that it was a castle, but upon getting up to it you find that it is nothing but a pile of jagged rock. One sees hundreds of these illu journey through the mountains, and I think they explain the origin of the expression "Castles in Spain"—beautiful in the distance, but jagged and unattractive as residences when you reach them. HINTS FOR TOURISTS. An American traveling in Spain, who

wishes to behold the picturesque part of the country, would do well to leave the railroad at Bayonne and take a landau to Pamplons (going through the Roncesvalles Passin the Pyrenees, where Charlemagne was de cated 1,100 years ago), a distance of about 100 miles. The roads are magnificent and the scenery is equal to almost anything we have in this country. The tourist will also find it an immense relief to get away from the railroad. From Pam-plona he should go to Zamaragua, taking a narrow gauge railroad. The scenery along this route is simply superb, and reminds one of the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas in this country, although it is quite different.

Let the tourist continue from Zamaragua to Bilbao, thence to Santander by boat, and from that point take a carriage drive to Ovilda or Corna. He will see more of the real beauty and picturesqueness of Spanish scenery and learn more of the country than by following the railroads and regular beaten paths of travel for years. One thing that will probably make a dis-

agreeable impression upon the American who worships titles and that sort of foolishnews is that he will see coats of arms on some of the humblest houses and cottages in Spain. He will find men who have the right to the coat of arms following the commonest occupations for a livelihood and thinking nothing of it.

COVODONGA'S PESTIVAL. On one of my excursions to the country from Madrid I visited the cave of Covodonga, which is near Congasdeonia, the first Gothic capital after the conquest by the Moors. Here they commenced the slow but earnest fight which in 800 years drove the Moors out of the Pero. Every year at Co-

vodougs a great festival is held in commem-oration of the victory achieved by the Goths over the Moors at that place. Mass is said in the open air, and thousands of pilgrims resort there for the celebration. The fireworks are on a very elaborate scale. A magnificent cathedral is in the course of

erection on the site of the famous battle ground, and it is one of the most picturesque places I have ever seen.
One of the stories that have been handed down is that a part of the Gothic army lay

hidden in the cave of Covodonga. It hardly seems credible, as the cave could not hold more than 40 people all told. An interesting place in Spain that Americans rarely visit is the Rio Tinto mine. It is supposed to be the Tarshish of Solomon's time. It is over 4,000 years old, and is still being worked to some profit. Palos, the point from which Columbus embarked on his momentous voyage of discovery, is not far from Huelva, the seaport of the Rio Tinto mine. The Convent of Sarabida at Palos is still standing in a good state of preserva-tion and contains many handsome paintings

descriptive of Columbus' great work. THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Not much interest was manifested in ested in protecting the Spanish frontier, and Spain over the agitation of the question of holding a world's fair in this country. Senor Castelar and Senor Moret, the former Secretary for Foreign Affairs of Spain, both promised me that they would be present at the opening of our World's Fair centennial, but I do not this that Senior will be lead to the control of the senior will be lead to the control of the senior will be lead to the senior will be seni Portugal has no cause or inclination to pick but I do not think that Spain will be largely represented at our celebration. Spain is getting up an exposition of her own to commemorate the discoveries of Columbus.

The idea, I believe, is to confine it to the Latin races. It will probably be held at Barcelona, which is the principal seaport of the country.

There is not much apprehension in Spain

regarding the probable annexation of Cuba by the United States. They have not forgotten that 30 years ago, before our Cvil
War, there was a movement among our
Southern States looking to the annexation
of Cuba for the purpose of enlarging the
slave territory; but during my stay in Madrid I did all I could to assure them that that feeling had died out in this country as

ar as I knew.

The only people I know of now who are agitating the annexation of Cuba are a few speculators who are anxious to make money out of the transaction. There has been no diplomatic correspondence between our government and the government of Spain looking to the purchase of Cuba by the United States.

HOTELS AND BANDITS.

The hotels in the interior of Spain are much better relatively than those in the cities. The stories of bandits in that country are largely imaginary. I believe a man could travel from one end of Spain to the other without being molested in any way or having an impertinent word speken to him. In the northern part especially traveling is

The Spanish people are peaceful and penceable-self-respecting and respectful. Treat a Spaniard politely and you are always sure of good treatment. There are fewer capital crimes in Spain than in any country I know of.

The photographs of the infant King Al-fonso XIII. do not do him justice. They make his head appear too large for his body. I saw him on several occasions. He would impress an American as being a delicate child, but he is fully up to the average of the Spanish children physically. Unless he meets with some accident, the chances are more favorable to his living and occupying the Spanish throne than otherwise. T. W. PALMER.

LAMAR ON THE SOUTH.

So Pearful of Its Ruin That He Wants to

Sell His Mississippi Property. Justice Lamar, writes Frank G. Carpenter, takes a very gloomy view of the South and its future. He told me the other day that he thought Mississippi would eventually be a negro State and that the whites would be forced to emigrate. He is so conoffers the whole for much less than it is worth, and he says he has no desire to have

any of his friends remain in Mississippi. Said he to me: "The influence of the present administration is bound to be altogether in favor of the blacks at the expense of the whites, and the whites will not permit the blacks to rule them. Had Blaine been elected Prasident the result would have been different and the outlook for the South would have been better, but as it is it seems to me as dark as it can be and what will be the future God only

knows." RESPECT FOR YOUTH.

It Isp't Wise to Laugh at a Man Becouse He

in Young. Boys, especially, shrink from any proach to ridicule ou the part of their elders. Recently a wise and amiable philosopher confessed that his disapproval of a certain person of note arose from nothing more serious than an unlucky question put to him in his boy-hood by the celebrity in question. The man, meaning to be pleasantly jocose, in the presence of others had asked the boy what ne thought of matters and things in general. The fitting repartee is not apparent at once even to a mature mind and the poor victim had remained confused and silent, recalling his painful position ever afterward at sight of his tormentor-

until displeasure, thriving upon itself, grew into resentment. We may be so unfortunate as to encounter antipathetic creatures at all seasons of our lives; but surely the antipathies most deeply rooted have their seed sown early, as this one iwas. Beware of voutn! it is to be dreaded, not despised. The callow fledgling whom we laugh at may burst into song one day. Worse than that, he may impale us for out shortcomings with a shaft of satire, as the poet of the ages did poor Justice Shallow. We, through him, may live eter-nally inglorious, while he reads his history in all nations' eyes.

FROM INDIA'S CORAL STRANDS.

The Salvation Army's Hindoo Com to Visit Homestend.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, who, for more than seven years, has had charge of the Salvation Army work in India, together with his staff and several distinguished per sonages of the army, will visit Homestead on June 11. The Commissioner is making day Washington Life. an extensive tour of the army posts in America. Fred de Latour Tucker was born in Mou-

ghyr, a town of Bengal, 800 miles from Calcutta. Of noble family he was well cared for in his youth, and sent to England for education. So bright was he that he was made an officer of the Indian civil service, and after a brilliant career rose to a position worth \$25,000 a year. Then he became a convert, threw up his commission, and has since devoted himself to salvation work. He take twice as much room as they needed. I has been hampered in his work by English and Indian officials, and often had to fight his cases in the courts.

Commissioner Tucker has had a most re

onn., to-day. From Pittsburg he will go to Detroit and return East through Canada.

His Leg Caught Fire. Boothbay Register.] A queer accident happened to Asa Small

farmer living in Hancock county, the other day. He is a veteran of the late war other day. He is a veteran of the late war and has a wooden leg. A fire broke out in woods near Small's home and he turned out with the neighbors to fight the flames. His wooden leg took fire and the flames spread to his elothes. He was severely burned to his elothes. He was severely burned to his elothes. He was severely burned to his leet, left his companion and tenderly lifted her up the steps. This man was 75 years old, and he was by all odds the oldest man in the car. His name was Joseph E. Johnston, and he was the noted Southern general of the late war.

KNOX ON THE CENSUS

He Fills Out His Papers in Advance of the Enumerator's Call.

ALL HIS SECRETS LAID BARK

Of the Same Sex He Was Ten Years Age and Not a Mother or Widow.

UNCLE SAM IS MORTGAGED HIMBELD

PRINTER FOR THE DISPLECE !

The Government of the United States has advised me that it would like a short biographical sketch of myself. I had no idea that our paternal Government would ever take so much interest in me, but it has. It tells me that one of its servants will call on me, Monday or Tuesday next, in pursuit of the information desired. To aid me in de-scribing myself it furnishes a printed list of leading questions in which it inquires after my health and present financial condition, and exhibits what might seem to be an impertinent curiosity to know my sex, and whether I am a Japanese or an Indian, a

cripple or an Episcopalian. As I shall be out of town next week, and therefore not able to meet the Government's inquisitor, I have written a letter (copy of which you will find below) and I have left

it for him: Dear United States Government: I teel flattered by your evident interest in my affairs, as shown by the document now before me (marked exhibit A 2078x-1), and I esteem it a privilege to answer the ques-tions therein presented. When you publish your book I would like to have my biog-

your book I would like to have my nog-raphy begin at the top of a page, and if you care for my photograph, I can send you one in which I am represented sitting on some wooden rocks in front of a canvass-backed waterfall, and holding in my hand a roll of paper that can either be considered an application for a pension or a schedule of my assets and liabilities. Your question No. 1, regarding my name and initials of middle name, is answered by the signature at the

end of this communication. THE SAME SEX AS IN '80.

Your second question requires me to state my "sex." If you will look over your files of 1880, under the letter "g," you will find of 1880, under the letter "g," you will find my sex fairly and conscientiously stated. Ten years have elapsed since then, but I am still of the same old sex.

Your third query requires me to state my "relationship to the head of family." My present relationship to head of family is in the capacity of husband, and this relationthe capacity of husband, and this relationship I have held for years in the most satisfactory and pleasant way.

In the matter of your fourth question as
to whether I am "the widow of a soldier,
sailor or marine," I beg to state that I am
at present neither; that I have never been
and do not expect ever to be placed in such
an equivocal position in connection with

an equivocal position in connection with any deceased soldier, sailor or marine. Your fifth question, "If under I year of age, give age in months. Now, honor bright, where is the joke in that? Ha! ha! Of course it must be a joke, hal hal hal So I just give you the laugh and pass on to the next. Your sixth question is, "Mother of how many children and number of these children living?" In response to this, I refer you to my answer to question No. 2, but for the lite of me I cannot understand why you sak the question or what difference is you ask the question, or what difference it would make to you if I was mother of one or ten children. I will, however, state, as you seem inclined to press the question, that up to receipt of the latest returns there

is no evidence to show that I am or have been a mother.

IN REGARD TO BIRTH. You ask where I was born. If hearsay evidence is admissible, you can quote me as fident of this that he is suxious to sell his saying that, to the best of my knowledge plantation in Mississippi, consisting of and belief, I was born on the first floor about 500 screes of the finest lands in that State, and having on it 47 registered cows and a number of fine horses. Justice Lamar has a magnificent homestead there and his lands are under the best of cultivation. He known my hearing to be slightly defective when an acquaintance suggested something in a low tone about a temporary loan, Now you come to "scute or chronic diseases," and you want to know if I am affected in that way, and if so, how long. I have for some time been suffering from acute mania. It takes a form that is dangerous to people who pry into other people's business. I have known it to be so violent at times that it resulted in a hand full of birdshot being projected into the legs of a man who was trying to secure information regarding matters that didn't concern him.

Of course I am not making any references to allusions. The last few casual remarks I have made also apply to the paragraph in which you ask whether I am "a prisoner, convict, home-

less child or pauper. Your last question I find no trouble at all answering "Have you a house?"

UNCLE SAM'S MORTGAGED, TOO.

"Is it mortgaged?"

It is, and I don't care who knows it. You are mortgaged yourself, are you not? and I'll bet that I lift my mortgage before you are released, even if I have to burn the old Queen Anne and pay the mortgage with the insurance money.

However, don't let us quarrel. I wish no fuss with the United States Government.

You are going to publish some facts about me and my affairs, and I want to be solid with you. I tried to destroy you once about 25 years ago, and all I got for it was a lame leg and a brevet military title.

Above you will, I think, find all your important questions answered, but there are a few other matters on which I am sure you would like information. I am really sur-prised that you didn't inquire about them. For instance: I dictate this, and dictate all my other correspondence to my typewriter through the phonograph. I don't like marmalade. I have a negro servant who attends to the furnace. I have never written a joke on the strawberry box or the sand in the grocer's sugar. I live in Mount Vernon, N. Y. I believe that it is wrong to read newspapers on Sunday. There are no Sunday papers published in Mount Vernon.

and be pleased to give you further informa-tion. J. Armov KNOX. SOUTHERNERS' POLITENESS.

day Washington Life.

I shall be glad to hear from you again,

It makes no difference how old or how feeble a Southern Senator or General is, he is always ready to rise in a street car and give his seat to a lady, writes Frank G. Carpenter from Washington. I have often seen Speaker Carlisle hanging on to the strap in order that some woman might have a scat-and I have at the same time seen Northern Senators spread out their legs and remember one day in a crowded F street car coming from the Patent Office to the Treasury seeing a little old woman hobble markable career, and is described as a most remarkable man. He is at Middletown, in. There were a dozen prominent men in the car including two Supreme Court Judges, two United States Secutors and half a dozen Congressmen. All of these men sat for 20 seconds after the cripple ap-peared at the door of the car and did not attempt to help her.

At this moment a tall, white-whiskered, dark-eyed man, sitting in the extreme sed of the car, who had been busily engaged in conversation with his neighbor, turned his